

The Revolution.

Devoted to the Interest of Woman and Home Culture.

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Editorial Notes.

Mrs. Partington is anxious to have Congress pass "the silver service bill."

A MONTH at home, and then a wedding tour. This is the most sensible bridal arrangement yet devised.

THE report that Mr. Greeley is writing a book on "What he knows about women" lacks confirmation. Which is fortunate for the women.

THE old education led women to live on favor instead of merit. The new education will lead her to scorn to ask as a woman what she does not deserve as a human being.

A PENNY edition of Miss Phelps' "Gates Ajar" has been published in London. She has opened the door to literary fame, and we hope will have the strength of mind, industry and patience to enter the temple which she is fitted to grace.

MICHIGAN has not exactly adopted the Chinese way of disposing of female infants, but she has come the next door to it. One of her late arrivals is announced as Virginia Dorens Sally Samantha Celesta, Susan Jones. This is smothering a poor baby, instead of resorting to the wash tub after the Celestial fashion.

It is said that Barnum has a cannibal girl in his museum who is specially fond of missionaries. Those who would witness an exhibition of her tastes and prowess must provide the rations. Which is extremely difficult, as our modern missionaries have conscientious scruples against entering heathendom in that way. The poor cannibal has not even had the luxury of a baked baby.

MR. NATHANIEL WEED, of Connecticut, recently died, leaving his widow the use of \$5,000, and to an only son the balance of a fortune of \$500,000. His name fitted his character, and his widow is to be congratulated on her release from such a mean herb. But if Connecticut laws do not break such a will and give the widow the semblance of justice, they are a disgrace to the statute-books of a civilized commonwealth.

Mrs. STURGEON, at a recent meeting at Birmingham, England, complained that the statement about the amount of deference and regard shown to women, as women, was founded upon a series of social fictions, and not upon truth. Divested of their sugar-plum coating, many expressions of polite surprise at the interest woman appeared to take in divers subjects, were, "It cannot be expected that any woman could take a serious interest in a sober subject."

ONE of the problems is to know what to do with the poor girls drifting about our streets in

the current of vagrancy which sets steadily toward vice. To send them into the country is oftentimes merely pushing the evil out of sight or leaving it for other hands to deal with. Can they not be caught in some of our charities, and trained to cooking and housework? Trained domestics are always in great demand, and the best of all charity is that which renders charity unnecessary.

WOMEN holding property in their own right have the privilege, in Kentucky, of voting on questions of special taxation, and widows who are taxed for school purposes have the power of voting for school directors. They may vote either in person or by proxy, and they usually prefer the latter course; but at an election in Dayton, Kentucky, last week, to decide upon increasing the indebtedness of the town for some local improvement, a number of them appeared at the polls and voted publicly.

Mrs. MARY C. AXES writes, that one of the pleasantest things connected with the morning receptions of the White House is the formal coming down of the President to receive with Mrs. Grant. I have never been accused of over enthusiasm for him; but I myself ready to forgive in him the traits which I cannot like, when I see him holding his little daughter's hand beside Mrs. Grant. Then it is so perfectly evident that whatever the President may or may not be, "Mr. Grant" has a very true and likeable side, with which nobody is so well acquainted as Mrs. Grant.

WE received a very pleasant call last week from Mrs. Chandler, who is deeply interested in home culture, maternity, and all that relates most intimately to the welfare of woman and children. She believes in beginning reforms at the sources of evil, and by improving the race get rid of the vices and wrongs which most afflict society. She seems to be thoroughly conversant with her subject, and made an excellent impression upon the best people in Boston, where she held many conversations. She goes to Washington, hoping to interest some of the many intelligent and public-spirited women of the Capital in her views.

THEODORE PARKER wisely said that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well assorted. But nature allows no sudden change. We slope very gradually from the cradle to the summit of life. Marriage is gradual, a fraction of us at a time. A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. Young persons think love belongs only to the brown hair, and plump, round, crimson cheek. So it does for its beginning, just as Mount Washington begins at Boston bay. But the golden marriage is a part of love that the bridal day knows nothing of. Youth is the tassol and silken flower of love, age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear.

THOSE excellent people who oppose woman suffrage on the ground that women should stay at home and rock the cradle, forget that the newest style of cradle rocks itself. One of these indispensable, and a music-box which will play a dozen tunes, will answer the purpose far better than most of the mothers who jog the cradle by fits and starts with their feet and frighten dear little infants into hysterics by murdering Miss Aker's "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother." This is an age of invention; but it is a pity some ingenious mechanic would not invent a few new arguments against woman suffrage. He would find an immense market for the articles, though we suspect it is a market that does not pay much for that staple.

A YOUNG lady in Iowa has read her Bible through seventeen times. Which may have been a profitable use of time, though we think that one or two good, careful readings of the great Book, with occasional references to works of reference and explanation, would have been much better. The Bible is a seed-book, and going through it is useless as going through a granary. It is only as its great truths and pure precepts get lodgment in serious and thoughtful minds, and take root, and spring up in kind dispositions and noble principles, and breathe a spiritual fragrance into the air of the world, and drop their precious harvests of generous deeds along the way-sides, so that even the chance passer-by is refreshed by them, that it benefits anybody much. A single text at a time is often worth more than a chapter, as a single kernel of corn is worth more to plant than the whole ear.

SOCIAL amusements are far more fashionable now than a few years ago, and dramatic entertainments are especially popular and in demand even among religious people. Church societies are frequently enlivened by these charming performances, and young and old laugh together, and grow sociable and kind over the wit and humor of an amusing farce acted by amateurs. Private theatricals have reached a pitch of excellence in New York never known before. An amateur play means something different from what it did ten years ago. There are ladies and gentlemen who devote themselves to nothing else, who act to perfection, and who are every bit as much before the public as if their profession was the stage. The general tendency of these social entertainments is excellent. They make home a centre of the sweetest joy, the most delightful attractions, and the pleasantest memories. They draw attention and interest away from public places and excitements which vitiate the taste and lower the moral tone. And they teach young people to amuse themselves, and contribute to the happiness of others in those quiet and unexceptionable ways which add to the sum total of enjoyment and virtue.

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Contributions.

A Cure.

WHEN our present false system of education is radically changed, many of the evils of marriage so loudly complained of will disappear. Marriage reformers must strike directly at the base and sordid motives which make the estate of matrimony unholy, and lead to the revolting scenes of our divorce courts.

The whole course of a girl's education, from the moment she is born to the time she stands before the altar and plights her troth to a husband, is dilated by the pernicious idea that she must marry somebody, anybody, for the sake of a position if not for support. To become a person of consideration she must have Mrs. before her name. This idea alone has led to numberless ill-judged, hasty and disastrous unions. Let the necessity of educating girls for self-support become as deeply ingrained in the minds of parents as the necessity of marrying them off is at the present time, and the status of woman would immediately change for the better. In truth, this purpose of educating women on the line of their capabilities, with a view to self-maintenance, must pervade our whole social system before this complex marriage problem will begin to be satisfactorily solved.

The wretched marriage barter and sale which goes on before our eyes is almost too common to excite comment. We know excellent women who excuse marriages of convenience on the ground that girls are brought up in an expensive style and must have money. We know dotting parents who deny their daughters nothing, but indulge their whims and caprices, and gratify their mischievous habits of luxury and expense, creating an appetite which nothing but wealth can satisfy, thus forming them to calculate their own matrimonial chances with the shrewdness of a Wall street operator. There are girls—nice girls they are called—innocent, carefully reared, delicately nurtured, just at the age when the modest instincts of womanhood are supposed to be most wide-awake who gladly utter worldly maxims on the subject of matrimony which would have done credit to Rochefoucauld.

"People now-a-days never marry those they love," says such a one. "Suppose I should take Jack, for instance, what an egregious piece of folly it would be." Jack is a bank clerk on a small salary, or a struggling young litterateur, or a poor artist who has fame and fortune yet to win. "It will take Jack twenty years to earn a decent support for me," Belinda goes on; "and meantime I should fade and lose my style, and be obliged to give up dress and society. I should become a species of nurse-maid narrowing my soul down to coals, codfish and potatoes."

Does it ever occur to Belinda that attention to coals, codfish, and potatoes by the hearth of the man she loves would be quite as beautiful a thing as absorption in dia-

monds, silks, and cashmere purchased with the money of the man she does not love.

No, Belinda turns a cold shoulder upon Jack and marries old Moneybags, who is twice or thrice her age, and would be absolutely repulsive to her were he not rich. He is a very bitter pill, but then he is well gilded. Everybody knows that Moneybags is ignorant, vulgar, probably a man of depraved tastes and corrupt habits. Everybody knows just why she married him. There is no mistaking the motive, and scarcely an attempt is made to cover it with even a thin disguise, and yet she does not lose caste in society. Nobody stigmatizes her as an immodest, shameless woman. The town learns in time that she is very wretched. Being a woman of intellect, at parties and receptions, where she goes often, she manages to keep Moneybags in the background. He is known as Mrs. Moneybags' husband, but he still has means of rendering her life a burden. She is childless, perhaps, and her home is a pandemonium, unless it is filled with a crowd of people who have a taste for her upholstery and enjoy her fine suppers and rare old wine. Belinda has sold herself for these things, and silk dresses and jewels, and the privilege of keeping her hands white and soft and free from the smirch of labor. How does she differ from the women of the street who make barter and sale of themselves for much the same objects? But the name by which they are called, if applied to her, would be resented as an insult. Belinda is a high-toned Christian lady, member of a fashionable church in good and regular standing, one of the pillars of "the social edifice." She subscribes handsomely to worthy benevolent objects. Her name even figures on the list of lady managers at great church fairs. She is president or directress of an orphan asylum or home for the friendless. She takes an interest in mission schools, and is reasonably concerned about the souls of the heathen. Though Belinda's praises are sounded loudly in the gates, she feels every moment that she lives the curse of her dishonored womanhood.

Give women the thorough educational drill which men have; fit them for business and professional careers; open to them the prospect of independence, so that they can grow on the line of their individuality; fill the present with worthy work; secure the future against want; and the motives of marriage will at once become purified. The young lady artist, doctor, accountant, or journalist who is earning her bread and storing up a competency will not instantly quit the easel, the ledger, or the professional chair at the bidding of any or every man who happens to require an unsalaried housekeeper, drudge, or nurse. She will marry the man she sincerely loves, and whatever sacrifice it is necessary to make will be cheerfully made.

The movement for woman's development is not a gargon that changes the heart to

stone, and the milk of kindness to vinegar. The modern woman is no worse than her grandmother because she can spell better, and her successor will not be less womanly that she has the means of self-support put into her hands, and can use it when the occasion arises. Fit women to be women in the first place, and then if they become wives and mothers no particle of experience or knowledge will come amiss.

There are those who oppose educating women for self-support, on the ground that it will increase the number of the unmarried. Marriage, they declare, is the only natural condition for woman; and hence they practically say to several millions of their fellow creatures: Marry or starve; and there is always an implied regret that the redundant part of womankind cannot be disposed of by tomahawking, as certain Indian tribes dispatch their aged and infirm members. If the unmarried are outside of nature, civilization has placed them there. Nobody denies that a true marriage, made by the sanction of love, is the completest and best lot for both man and woman. But the fact still remains, that there are many single women who are more respectable, honorable, noble, than many who marry. Marriage is often so defiled and degraded that a pure-minded, noble woman, with the means of self-support in her hands, shrinks back from it with dread. This self-support will ultimately cure the evil, which all other expedients merely tamper with. Perhaps fewer marriages will be made than at present; which will be a blessing in itself, while the few that are made will be blessed.

Life's Longings.

Our lives are rich with gifts from God;
For us the earth is fair and bright;
To soothe our hearts and glad our sight
The violet springeth from the sod.

'Tis kissed by sunshine when it grows,
The dew-drops fall into its cup,
It drinks the dew and sunshine up,
And that is all of life it knows.

It is enough for it to live,
Enjoying with a calm content
The blessings to it daily sent,
Not asking what God does not give.

For us the genial rising sun
Makes joyous every mountain crest,
And sinks into his golden nest
With happy smile, when day is done.

We cannot count our blessings o'er;
We half forget that they are given,
So fast they rain on us from heaven,
And yet we sigh for something more.

O, holy wish, scarce understood!
For something we cannot attain,
I would not be without Thy pain
For any present earthly good.

O, noble longing, from God sent!
We know that Thou wilt make us strong
To trample down the base and wrong,
And raise us to his sublime content.

We know that every wrong we right,
That every kindly word we speak
To cheer the suffering and the weak,
Shall raise us nearer to the light.

So step by step we upward tread,
With steadfast faith and joyous hope,
Until upon the mountain-top
God's glory shines around our head.

Goethe's Iphigenia.

SOME one has said that while contemplating Goethe's Iphigenia, "we feel as if some exquisite statue of Grecian art had become animated by a living soul, and moved and breathed before us. Though exhibiting the severe simplicity which characterizes the creations of antiquity, she is far removed from all coldness and austerity; and her character, though cast in a classic mould, is free from the harsh and vindictive spirit which darkened the heroism of those barbarous times, when religion lent her sanctions to hatred and revenge."

Goethe has breathed a modern soul into the old frame of Euripides, and still preserved the matchless symmetry of the Greek outline. The great artist of the present has given a different rendering to the baleful story, with its high lights and terrible shadows so strangely blent. Orestes and Pylades are thrown more into the background, and Iphigenia, the perfect woman, in all her exquisite purity, is relieved against the dark and lurid curtain woven by the fingers of fate.

Iphigenia, though superlatively a heroine, is after all less heroine than woman, and in this fine and subtle subordination of every quality to the true feminine nature, the matchless skill of the master-hand is made manifest. Trembling and afraid, fully conscious of her weakness, she sighs for a manly soul to meet the perils which lie around her. There is no defiance in her tone, no arrogance or assumption in her air. She simply and pathetically pleads her powerlessness, and says, "I cannot argue, I can only feel;" and yet she risks all for the truth. She endangers every interest—life itself—to preserve the white honesty of her soul. Scarcely does literature present another character so weak and yet so strong, so humble and yet so exalted, so unresisting and yet morally so courageous as the Iphigenia of Goethe. Pylades counsels deceit. He lays a deep and subtle scheme of treachery, and though Iphigenia at first appears to acquiesce in it, she abhors and finally shuns the crooked road he would have her travel.

The scene opens in a grove before the Temple of Diana, where the unknown daughter of Agamemnon has long officiated as priestess. When condemned to death to turn aside the wrath of the goddess from Agamemnon, Iphigenia is wrapped in a cloud and borne from before the altar in Aulis to the savage shores of Tauris, where, by an ancient decree of the kingdom, all strangers are sacrificed to Diana. Saved from this bloody fate, and elevated to the rank of priestess, Iphigenia forever laments her country and her kindred and her womanly estate. She says in her tender plaint:

"Yet truly woman's lot doth merit pity.
Man rules alike at home and in the field;
Nor is in foreign climes without resource.
Possession gladdens him, him conquest crowns,
And him an honorable death awaits.
How circumscribed is woman's destiny—
Obedience to a harsh imperious lord
Her duty and her comfort; sad her fate

Whom hostile fortune drives to lands remote.
Thus I by noble Thoas am detained,
Bound with a heavy though a sacred chain."

Iphigenia appears as the genius of civilization acting upon a barbarous and savage race. Science and the arts seem to wait upon her gentle steps. The dark and shaggy forest, we fancy, recedes before her. Smiling towns spring up along the river-courses, and the cheerful sounds of labor are heard about the fields. She abolishes the bloody rites of superstition. She protects strangers and elevates religion into a humane and peaceful sentiment. The land smiles under her sweet influence, and she wins the confidence and love of Thoas, the savage king, who wishes to make her his own. She resists his desires and reveals to him her descent from the accursed race of Pelops. In the heat of resentment Thoas commands that the ancient law of the kingdom be carried out. Two strangers have been found lurking in caverns off the shore, and the priestess is ordered to sacrifice them to Diana, and in anguish she implores the aid of the divinity:

"O Goddess, keep my hands from blood;
Blasphemy never brings me peace,
And still, in evil hours, the form
Of the chance murderer man appears
To fill the unwilling murderer's soul
With horrible and gloomy fears.
For fondly the Immortals view
Man's widely-scattered, single race
And the poor mortal's transient life
Gladly prolong, that he may raise
Awhile to their eternal heavens
His sympathetic, joyous gaze."

The strangers are discovered to be Orestes and Pylades, who have ventured to visit the dangerous Taurian shore in obedience to an oracle. Orestes relates to his unknown sister the story of the doomed house of Atreus, and reaches the heights of the sublime in his description of the pursuing furies. Then Iphigenia declares herself, and pours upon the fires of hell which burn in his bosom, the dew and balm of love. She says:

"In the flame I throw
Sweet incense. Let the gentle breath of love,
Low murmuring, cool thy bosom's fiery glow.
Orestes, fondly loved, cast thou not hear me?
Have the terrific furies, grisly band,
Completely dried the life-blood in thy veins?
Creeps there, as from the Gorgon's dreadful head,
A petrifying charm through all thy limbs?
If hollow voices of a mother's blood
Call thee to hell, may not a sister's word,
With benediction pure, ascend to heaven
And summon thence some gracious power to aid
thee?"

Love conquers the dark insanity of Orestes, and he exclaims:

"The dread Eumenides at length retire.
The brazen gates of Tartarus I hear
Behind them, closing with a thunderous clang—
A quickening odor from the earth ascends,
Inviting me to chase upon its plains
The joys of life and deeds of high surprise."

Nowhere is the redeeming and saving power of love more beautifully shown than in this drama. If evil is the moral disease of the world, love is its potent medicine. The shadow of the curse is not so long as the beam love sends to chase it away. In the old tragedy, the grisly horror that clings to the family of Pelops makes the air heavy

and sulphurous. Every footstep is tracked with blood. But Goethe has contrived to throw so much of heaven about Iphigenia, her tenderness and candor fill the scene with a radiant atmosphere. The earth softens under her feet; the clouds brighten over her head; golden beams play about her form; the birds sing, and streams of mercy and peace fate had bound flow again at her bidding to bless mankind.

On the Miami.

A BEAUTIFULLY printed volume of pleasant and tender verse comes to us from W. H. Venable, one of the first teachers in Cincinnati, who divides his attention between mathematics and the Muses, giving the first his head, but the latter his heart. The poems are laden with sweetness, and moulded in shapes of beauty. The sentiment fills, but never dominates the thought, and the finely-finished verses are urns filled with precious and fragrant feeling, rather than sponges dripping their contents over whoever reads. The longest poem gives name to the volume, but it is hardly equal in poetic quality and finish to some of the shorter pieces. For instance, "Clouds:"

Gather and gather, commingle and blend,
Sever and scatter, dispersedly fly;
Darken and lighten, arise and descend,
Mythic illusions and dreams of the sky.

Sailing and floating forever away,
Shallops protean of vapor are ye,
Splashing the snowy and silvery spray,
Up from the azure ethereal sea.

And this on Shakespeare's Sonnets.

As many roses on the self-same tree,
All perfect blossoms and alike in kind,
Offend not by their similarity;
But rather, by profusion, please the mind:
As many stars in the cerulean space,
Yea not the eye because of multitude,
But singly or together glad the gaze,
For each one is a star however viewed;
So Shakespeare's sonnets, passing seven-score,
Complete and lovely each as rose or star,
Would still delight were there a million more,
On one recurring subject though they are;
Transposing subject, dear to poets' art,
And ever precious to the poets' art.

A GREAT deal of human hair is imported into this country, some of it on heads, but a great deal more for heads already here. It must be anything but comfortable to the wearer of false hair to reflect that it was probably cut from the head of a dead woman, or that some Parisian girl was drugged well, then sheared, awaking to find herself robbed of the tresses that were half her beauty and all her possession. Yet such things are of frequent occurrence. We should quite as soon think of wearing another's teeth as another's hair.

The great diamond, weighing 154 carats, which has been found at the Cape and is now on its way to England, is said to have been found in the wall of one the native huts, where a poor Irish adventurer had received hospitality for the night, and that being surprised by the light shining amid the darkness, he had, upon examination, found it to proceed from a clump of the earth of which the wall was built. Of course the clump was soon detached by the visitor, and this new Koh-i-noor, with many other smaller diamonds, found within.

"Jennie June."

"JENNIE JUNE" is the *nom de plume* of Mrs. J. C. Croly, a well-known and much-admired writer of this city. She was born in Leicestershire, England. Her father was a Unitarian, and a lay-preacher whose church was in his own house. He was deeply interested also in temperance and free school movements, which were unpopular with the rich, and which, in connection with his heretical religious views, subjected him to a good deal of obloquy, and led him to emigrate to America. He was a very intelligent and conscientious man, modest in his expectations as well as his ambitions, and early instilled into the minds of his children the importance of industry, integrity and usefulness. When his daughter Jennie sent her first manuscript to the *Tribune*, and was anxiously waiting for its appearance in that journal, he said to her, "Remember, daughter, that the sun will rise just the same whether your article is printed or not." He was remarkably unselfish himself, and repressed every budding of a selfish spirit in the minds of his children. Mrs. Croly writes, "I am more thankful for, and I accept as a more precious legacy, his efforts to crush out self in me than anything else he could have given me."

Jennie was the youngest of four children. Her opportunities for education were considerably limited, owing to her father's misfortunes. But she managed to acquire the foundation of a good education by her own exertions, and when very young began to teach school as a means of support. Oftentimes she was obliged to study far into the night in order to be prepared for the lessons of her advanced pupils in the morning. She began writing for the press when quite young. Her first contributions were accepted, and their promise was recognized; and though she has written hundreds of articles and communications for various papers and magazines, she has never had a single manuscript declined. After her marriage with Mr. D. G. Croly, who is now the managing editor of the *World*, she commenced a regular engagement on the *New York Despatch*, and was afterwards connected with the *Democratic Review*, *Graham's* and *Leslie's* magazines, the *Richmond Enquirer*, and the *New Orleans Delta*. For the last two she was the regular New York correspondent, for which species of composition she developed such an unmistakable talent as to attract the attention of editors in all parts of the country. Her articles on domestic matters, the movements of society and the changes of fashion were greatly admired and copied far and wide.

In 1859 she removed to the West with her husband, and assisted him in the conduct of a daily paper, writing a great deal for its columns. But the enterprise failed, and with diminished resources, they returned to this city, where she has since resided, dividing her time between the necessary cares of her family and literary work. She wrote

much for the *Round Table*, and the *Home Weekly* of Philadelphia, the daily *Times* and *World*, the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Louisville Journal*, and the *Cincinnati Commercial*; and she has occupied an editorial position on *Demorest's Illustrated Monthly* since its commencement. She is the author of two books; one, entitled "Talks on Women's Topics," was published many years ago, and had an extensive circulation; the other, a cookery book, was very popular. She has a volume of essays of a serious and mature character, the result of long study and reflection, ready for the press.

Mrs. Croly is a clear, vivacious, pointed writer, describing with great accuracy of outline, and vivid, life-like coloring. Her paragraphs have a peculiar polish, a life-like glow. Her writing is charged with common-sense, and has a directness and pungency which never fail to interest the majority of readers. There is an element of conscientiousness strongly-marked in all her compositions. Though she writes upon fashions, it is evident that she is not a worshipper at that shrine. Indeed, she seems to write of them in order to utter a perpetual protest against their folly and extravagance, and hold them up to ridicule. It is evidently her aim to inspire women with the brightest motives and noblest ambitions, and help them to see that their greatest happiness is to be realized through the performance of the simple, common duties of life.

Though her name has been so long before the public, and thousands of her paragraphs drift through the columns of our journals without credit, Mrs. Croly is in no sense a public character. She belongs constitutionally and by conviction to home, with its private duties and joys. She has been repeatedly invited to lecture, but has always declined to appear upon the rostrum. Circumstances first impelled her to write, and having once fairly launched her skiff in the stream of journalism, she has never seen her way clear to a landing-place. So she has lived a double life, working conscientiously and bravely with her pen to fill and trim the lamps that throw their soft light upon the sacred shrines of family and home. In a recent letter to a friend she says: "Some, perhaps, would consider it interesting to know how thoroughly I have tested the problem of whether a woman can be wife, mother, housekeeper and out-door worker. Perhaps fifteen years of routine editorial and office work—with occasional absences, but never exceeding three weeks, and the work done by dictation most of the interval—and the care of children, with constant and exacting home duties, fulfilled as heartily as possible, enable me to give some sort of an answer. If my experience has taught me anything, it is that the strength of the woman does and should go into the mother, and that by trying to divide herself up among different pursuits she defrauds herself, her husband and her children. Instead of setting women a worthy example, I feel that I have done them a

wrong, and have added another to their burden by making the proper performance of a double duty seem possible and profitable when it is not."

Of course this does not apply to the thousands of women who have no home, nor husband, nor children. It is sufficient to add, in conclusion, that Mrs. Croly has always felt the deepest interest in everything that relates to the true elevation of woman, and though she is not an agitator, she is in every best sense a reformer, teacher and friend.

Co-Education of the Sexes.

BY L. HAMILTON.

I know that there is honest difference of opinion on this subject, but the subject is too vital to be passed in silence. Must not woman insist on the banishment of the monk and nunnery system of education that separates the sexes? Is it not against nature? Does not all experience show that the mind of each needs the constant influence of the other to awaken its own best energies, and to supplement its own deficiencies? Such is the growing conviction among teachers.

I would not say one word in disparagement of the noble efforts made by many to build up exclusive schools; but I must still think that they might do better. We well know the plea urged in justification of the unnatural separation; but many of the most experienced educators are pronouncing that plea empty, and assure us that there is not one danger feared but might be perfectly guarded against by a hundredth part of the pains and expense that attend the separation; not one advantage aimed at but would be better secured by association; not one evil shunned but is made tenfold greater by the exclusion. They tell us that the purity and manliness of the boy, the true refinement of the girl, and the full mental development of both, demand alike that under proper guardianship they should meet and study together through the whole curriculum of their education. Let women insist then on a place for the daughter right alongside the brother and the lover, from the first lesson in the primary to the diploma of the university.

Then will the educated woman unconsciously fulfil the grandest of all missions. She will *idealize* and *spiritualize* this poor, coarse, work-day life of ours. She will put the higher meaning into the drudgery of its toil and the rapidness of its pleasures. Is not this our one need? That ethereal genius, F. W. Robertson, makes it the first requisite to the enjoyment of poetry to be in an unworldly temper of mind—not in the religious sense, but as that fine idealism which throws of the grossness of the soul in its material moods and catches the spirit and life in things—their moral significance, their food for thought, feeling, sentiment, imagination, the higher soul. We believe that the same mind is requisite to any

really high joy of life; and that it is for want of it that our pleasures worry us so, and our rest frets us, and our successes disgust us, and we soon turn from all sighing,

"Ah, I'm weary, weary, weary!"

We look to the educated woman, with her finer sensibilities and her quicker intuitions, to bring the better meaning into this life of ours, to interpret for us our work, to bless our rest and to lead us into the true uses of our success. And this she will do, not by holding aloof from our coarser practicalities, but by coming down into them with us and sharing them, side by side, all the way over the hill we climb and descend together; not snubbing herself or lowering her womanly refinement or coarsening her nature thereby, but exalting every feminine grace in tenfold degree and throwing a charm of beauty around her life that has never yet been seen. It has been the dream of the religionist that a high and saintly spirituality must live aloof from the practical world; and so he has sent the most fervent devotee far away from human life. Nature has avenged the perversion. The cloistered nun proves to be but a beautiful spirit withering and drying away in the heat of her own meditation and prayer; while the good Sister of Charity out in camp and field and hospital and hovel, is an angel of love that freshens and blooms into every saintly grace under her rough contact with human life and its miseries. So come thou to us, O, educated woman, sister, wife, mother, angel of our better life, and heal for us our ailments of soul, call us up from our grovelling, touch our numb sensibilities into quicker life and win us into a better sense of what we are and of the work we do!

Expression.

BY MARION V. CHURCHILL.

THERE is no lack of beauty in the world nor in the soul. The only want is expression. Once give voice to the latent beauty, and the millennium is accomplished. When men and women speak and act out the best that is in them, there will be no farther dreaming of heaven, for heaven will then be at hand. It is in us all now, if we only knew it. But the courage to do this speaking and acting is the demand just now. Who of us is brave enough to confess his finest fancies, his tenderest emotions, his highest beliefs? Not one. Ask any one of us to do it, and the excuse in refusing will be, "I do not wish to have my better nature made a subject for public laughter." So we go on and on, hiding the best of us, refusing to believe that there is good in others that will surely give respectful response to the good in ourselves. There is a universal sympathy in mankind; a sympathy in good as well as in evil. The voices that clamor in unison against sentiment, making it easier for a man to make a bear of himself than to acknowledge a love for moonlight and humming birds; these same loud voices, taken singly and alone, may be

toned to a gentle and truthful confession to the same weakness, as it is called. Some day, the day of speaking out, these voices, modulated in harmony, will lift themselves in an exultant diapason, timed and tuned out of the full melody within.

I should like to be a poet, such as I dream of. I would sing a song that should thrill the whole earth.—A song of "Courage,"—a world's battle hymn, that, like the "Marseillaise" in France, or the "Star Spangled Banner" in America, would set every foot to beating and every heart afire with aspirations for grand endeavor and achievement. But no mere rhymester's pen ought to dare to touch it. It is the thing the day most needs. Courage to battle the wrongs and speak out the rights; to dare be true to the promptings from within.

How very small we all are! How we assent and assent to what is approved, stifling the monitions that bid us be great. How we wait and wait, silent, useless, for time to turn the wheel and fortune indicate our movement. We were not made for this. Every one of us has something to do in turning that wheel; but we lack the courage to move. There is beauty in us, if we will only let it bloom; there are songs in us if we will only sing them out, and incense is burning on the royal altars of our lives, sweeter than ever swung from priestly hands in golden censers; but it wastes because we fear a smile that perchance might greet its free uprising. It is as though we had prisoned a choir of birds. Faint twitterings, lisping notes of melody and gleam of shining wings, come occasionally from out the darkness, just enough to tell us that the birds are there. But open the caging door; lift the roof to the sunlight, and then listen! then look! The twitterings and the lisplings are a full chorus of triumph; the faint wing-gleams a bright glory-cloud of flashing pinions. The whole air trembles under its glad burden of song, and wing and light. O, it is a shame to bury our beauty as though it were dead.

Courtesy and Conscience.

MANY reformers make the mistake of imagining, that a conviction which is sacred to them is equally sacred to other people, and once formed can be driven like a spike through all the tender fibres and sweet affections and vital sympathies of human society and human souls, regardless of consequences. So long as an opinion is pointed out with conscience it can be hammered in any way, and into everything; and when anybody relents from the process and protests against the unwisdom of the policy, he or she is at once accused of being timid or time-serving, of thinking more of courtesy than of conscience.

Conscience is the central and essential element in every noble character and every worthy enterprise. But conscience is not everything. It is but a small part of human nature. And one reason why reformers so

often fail, and make themselves targets for ridicule to shoot at, is that they so entirely overlook the graces and amenities and proprieties which are the natural clothing and adornment of civilized humanity and requirement of advanced society. Conscience is not enough without the courtesy which commends it to the general taste and culture of other minds, and wreathes it in a garland of attractions for the public eye.

The one lesson we have to learn and bear constantly in mind is that people cannot be shocked into virtue, nor shouted into respect, nor converted by scolding, nor won from opposition to advocacy by coarse bravado and repulsive ways. A great deal has been said about having rough tools to do rough work. The gardener's rake will not serve the purpose of the pioneer's plough; the broad-axe before the smoothing-plane. But the pioneer work has been done, and the breaking-up plough is out of place in the flower garden, and the broad-axe mars the work it is taken to mend. The methods of agitation in vogue fifty years ago are an anachronism to-day. Every violation of a refined taste, a nice propriety, a graceful and polished social etiquette, costs a cause ten times more than it gains. The man or woman who has not conscience enough to respect the consciences of others, and put on the courtesies and proprieties which commend a great movement to the tastes and feelings of the cultivated and refined, has no right upon its platform. The conscience and courtesy must be blended and woven together; the morality must be taken up into manners and breathed into music; the idea must blossom into loveliness and grace and exude in incense, and men will forget to contend in the ardor of a new admiration. There are attractions which are more powerful than arguments; there is a loveliness which wins what no logic can move.

A Dead Jest.

Among my books I found to-day
A paper which, I don't know how,
Had years before been put away,
And left forgotten there till now,
I took it up to read! Ah me!
After the first few words or so,
My eyes were grown too dim to see,
It was a jest of long ago.

No deepest grief it woke again;
It brought no sharp especial sting.
Only the general mystic pain
That distant memories always bring.
So altered seem the days of yore,
So near akin are smiles and tears,
That few sad things can move us more
Than those dead jests of by-gone years.

MR. E. ANTHONY, manufacturer of photographic albums, 501 Broadway, has issued a series of very fine photographic views of the Yosemite valley and the grand mountain scenery of the Nevada Range. One never tires of looking at them.

It is said that the Queen of Holland spends two-thirds of her income in the encouragement of literature and journalism.

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Words and Works.

THERE are 136 colleges for women in the United States.

MRS. HENRY WOOD's new *Belgravia* novel is called "Within the Maze."

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE preached for James Freeman Clarke in Boston, Sunday, Jan. 28th.

AGNES STRICKLAND, author of the "Queens of England," has written the "Lives of the Stuart Princesses."

REV. MRS. VAN COTT is again in Wisconsin, holding revival meetings, and is, as usual, attracting large audiences.

A LITTLE girl in Chicago, when asked what she would do if her mother should die, replied, "I 'spose I should have to spank myself."

THREE ladies, Miss Fannie A. Richards, Mr. Laura A. Berry, and Miss Mattie E. Locke, were chosen to clerkships in the Iowa Legislature.

THE present Earl of Chesterfield cannot be found, and the bulk of the late earl's property goes to his sister, the Countess of Carnarvon.

MRS. SOPHIE DAVENPORT, mother of Mrs. Lander, and herself a well-known actress, died in Washington Tuesday. She was a native of England.

A MALE infant was christened Mary Reilly here the other day. This Mary will not be under the necessity of wishing that she had been born a man.

MISS CUSHMAN says that her present "Lady Macbeth" is a more complete realization of her conception of the character than any she has given in former years.

THE Princess Alice, of Hesse-Darmstadt, Queen Victoria's daughter, has recently published a new novel, written in German. It is entitled "The Dream of a Day."

MRS. STOWE is to rebuild the little church at Mandolin, Florida, that was burned last year, the Stowes having originally built it. It is the only church in a section of 500 miles.

A GANG of roughs prevented Mrs. Myrrh Miller from lecturing at Oregon City on Christmas Eve. That is the gallantry which some people would have women put their trust in.

IT is said that the wedding outfit of the Celestial young lady who is to marry the Emperor of China will cost only one million of dollars. But we have our doubts. The Celestials are not all fools.

ONE has to go out of town to see signs as well as wonders. One of the former, in Red Bank, N. J., says New Maid and Old Maid clothing always on hand. That is dressing the matter pretty neatly.

MIRIAM M. COLE, a very devoted and able advocate of our cause, thinks the idea of testing woman's fitness for the ballot by permitting her to vote on ale and beer, as Gov. Washburn of Massachusetts advises, is ludicrous.

A LITTLE Daubigny girl, when asked by her mother about suspicious little bites in the sides of a dozen choice apples, answered, "Perhaps, mamma, they may have been frost-bitten, it was so cold last night." The mother retreated.

FOUR appointments of ladies to first-class post-offices, with \$4,000 salaries, have been made during the present Administration. Over 100 women are employed in similar offices throughout the country, though not at such high prices.

AMONG our lady artists who deserve to be better known to the public is Miss Glows. Her taste and skill have won a favorable recognition from the few, and an example of her work was recently put on exhibition at Goupil's.

ELIZA D. MURPHY, of New York, took out seventeen patents in 1870, and sold most of them before they were issued. Yet we are told that women never invent anything! They invent very poor excuses for very delinquent husbands sometimes.

IT was an Irish husband who was sending his son for the doctor for his wife who had been taken suddenly ill; she was relieved before the boy started, upon which he bid Jimmy say to the doctor, that as his mother was better his reverence need not come.

FANNY DEAN says, "The doll of my bib-days was a crooked-necked squash, with a towel for a dress, and a numerous progeny of little cucumbers for babies; and I was just as happy and a great deal better contented than the little girl of to-day with a one-hundred-dollar Paris doll."

LADY MONTAGUE affirms that, in her girlhood, "brag was the genteel amusement; cripp succeeded to that; and basset and hazard employed the town," when she went to Constantinople. On her return she "found them all at commerce, which gave place to quadrille, and that to whist."

LEAP year is described as the time in which the calm, conservative order of things is supposed to be overturned very violently, in which the ladies are supposed to lay aside their coquetry and the privilege of saying "yes," and to assume the delicately discriminating task of selecting their own husbands.

FRANCES POWER CORBE, one of the ablest writers in England, has an article on "Auricular Confession in the Church of England," in the January number of the *Theological Review*. Her book on prayer is one of the ablest and best statements that has been made of late of the need and the reasonableness of prayer, and its answers.

THERE is a woman in Davenport, Iowa, who supports, by her own unaided exertions, an invalid mother and aunt in addition to herself and family. But we know a woman who supports a \$500 bonnet, a \$1,500 shawl, \$1,200 worth of diamonds, a \$1,000 dress, and a sick poodle, all by her own unaided efforts. And she is not strong-minded either.

VERY intelligent women are seldom beautiful. The formation of their features, and particularly the forehead, is more or less masculine. Miss Laudon was rather pretty and feminine in the face, but Miss Sedgwick, Miss Pardee, Miss Leslie and the celebrated Anna Maria and Jane Porter the contrary. One of the Misses Porter had a forehead as high as that of an intellectual man.

ANNA DICKINSON, in reply to Alexander Troup, who challenged her to discuss the labor question with him in public, says: "The question is an open one; the means of information concerning it ample; and the truth to be reached through a thousand avenues. I trust that every one interested will seek for this truth as diligently as I have striven after it, and finding it, will abide by its decree."

MISS NELSON was recently the guest of a select party at dinner, on which occasion she was presented with a full-rigged clipper ship about

four feet long, called the Cuba, every portion of which, from keelson to main truck, is composed of flowers. It was in a basin representing the sea, which was also a floral composition. It was one of the most artistic and beautiful inventions of the kind ever witnessed, and cost \$200.

THE Empress of Austria lately paid a visit to one of the insane asylums. On her arrival the director was informed that the Empress of Austria had arrived. As he has already two females under his charge who laid claim to that dignity, he supposed that a third case claimed his care, and went out with two or three of his attendants. The genuine Empress was heartily amused at his error, and was afterward very formally presented to the two pretenders.

THE best farm in England is kept by a woman, and took the first prize recently offered by the Royal Agricultural Society. It is a farm of four hundred acres, devoted to pasture, grain and stock. The soil was originally poor, but had been much improved by skillful treatment. Only four horses were kept; yet such has been the admirable system of management that they were sufficient for the cultivation necessary for seventy acres of wheat, the same of barley and turnips, besides some oats and beans. The produce sold during the year realized \$15,395.

MRS. CELIA BURLINGHAM gave her lecture on Houses and Homes, in Portland, recently, where it was much admired. Among other things, she said that every home should be like that picture of a camel which the artist said he "evolved from the depths of his inner consciousness." One of the most charming homes she had ever known was a log cabin, originally a fort a hundred years ago. The bark still clung to the logs, and the chimney was so wide that you could trace the constellations through it. Room after room had been grouped about it, as the necessity for them was felt. Not much could be said for the architecture, but a good deal could be said of it as a home. Every part of it stood for a fact.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Hartford Times* gives an interesting account of what the women of Connecticut are doing to awaken an interest in our cause. Sixteen meetings have been held, and in nearly every instance the house has been crowded. Two speakers who have taken part have been Mrs. Isabella B. Hooker, of this city; the Hon. James Gallagher, of New Haven; the Hon. Thomas M. Waller, of New London; Rev. Olympia Brown and Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, of Bridgeport; Miss F. E. Barr, of this city; Mrs. Sarah E. Strickland, of Vineland, New Jersey; Mr. George A. Hickox, of the *Litchfield Enquirer*; and Mr. Elmore Sharpe, of Norwich. Societies have been formed in almost every place where a meeting has been held.

MRS. AMES says:—"The most unkind people whom I have ever known have been distinguished for an ostentatious sort of piety. The most uncharitable conclusions, the most pitiless judgments, the most merciless ridicule that I have ever listened to of poor human beings I have heard from people high in the church, not from people of the so-called 'world.' This not because the normal human nature in either differs, but because the people of the world have a thousand outlets and activities which draw them away from microscopic inspection of the flaws in their neighbors; while ascetic pietists, denied legitimate amusements, shut from innocent recreation, avenge their defrauded souls by feeding them on small vices. I offer no defenses."

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for a life of folly; there is nothing I should dread more, save a life of sin. Yet, if I were to make a choice, I would choose foolishness rather than meanness.

A LETTER from Rome has the following:—"Some of the dresses at the Doria reception were very curious. That of the Princess Trigliano, who was an American (Miss Field) was one of the most peculiar. It was by Worth. This dressmaker is noting colors in the strangest manner this season. The Princess Trigliano wore a blue satin petticoat—a smoky blue, with a dull yellow flounce, trimmed richly with elegant lace, and a train of smoky gray satin. While on the subject of curious feminine toilets it will be amusing to tell of one the Princess Marguerite had on at the Val de l'Isle the other evening—pink fatille with a black velvet jacket, sleeveless, and around the edge of the pink open sleeve, between the rich white lace and pink sleeve, was a fall of chocolate-colored gauze; over the pink skirt was an overskirt of the same chocolate color. The Princess Marguerite, and indeed almost every court lady, wears the Spanish comb this season, with long plaits hanging quite below the waist."

A CHICAGO paper justly says that doubtless the one universal, primal, and all-powerful reason why there are so few marriages has to do with questions of living and sustenance. In the olden time young men and women did not shrink from sacrifices, in starting life together, and were happy in creating a common home from humble beginnings. Now a tide of wealth has poured over our country, making artificial distinctions, developing unnatural tastes, and throwing around the best society the iron bands of aristocratic cruelty. Young men and women love as of old, but they do not dare to marry. If the young lady happens to have abundant means, the young man is too proud to marry until he can match them with his own abundance. The fact is, the Parisian life and many Parisian ideas have come in upon us. We need not speak of details. Enough to know that in every city and town in the land there is a devastating, terrific scourge at work, blasting the highest talent, eclipsing the fondest hopes. The cloud settles down upon the young men of the land with ever-increasing weight. It will ruin the nation if the heaven-born institution of marriage is not respected, more sought after, and more encouraged by young and old.

THE annual meeting of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association was held in Tremont Temple, Boston, on Tuesday evening and Wednesday of last week. William Lloyd Garrison presided, and made the opening address on the objections now urged against Woman Suffrage. Julia Ward Howe spoke of the thickening proofs of the unity and sympathy of the human family. Underlying all the differences of human beings is a fundamental unity of nature and interest. The American is the European in a new country—the rich man a poor man with riches added—the African a white man scorched by a tropical sun. After alluding to the great progress made all over the world in works for the benefit of humankind, she then, as chairman of the association, related the work done during the year. The lecturers in the field had made many converts to the cause, and additional local associations had been organized. A plea was made for the better education of women. "Thou shalt not puzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," it is said, but she who guides the infant man has

been muzzled and bound in many ways. She was followed by Lucy Stone, Mrs. Elizabeth K. Churchill, of Providence, and Henry B. Blackwell. The meeting of Wednesday was devoted very largely to business. The treasurer reported \$107 in his hands. Mr. Garrison invited any opponent of the cause to speak, but no objector appeared. He thought that the popular allegation that politics were too corrupt for women to be associated with them, was a strong argument that some radical change in politics is needed. Corruption is unfit for men as well as for women. Let us see if the women's conscientiousness and refinement cannot purify this unwholesome element. Mrs. Churchill spoke of the encouraging attitude of our colleges toward the education of young women. Henry B. Blackwell offered a series of resolutions, and Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. A. C. Bowles, Mrs. Hanaford, Mr. Conant, Addison Davison and J. F. Clarke and others spoke during the day and evening. A strong board of officers was chosen for the current year, with James Freeman Clarke for President.

REV. L. HAMILTON, formerly a Presbyterian minister, who now preaches to an Independent congregation in Oakland, Cal.—a very able and eloquent preacher he is—recently gave a strong and fine discourse on some aspects of the woman question, which attracted a good deal of attention:—"We have been taught that the easy chair in the parlor is her proper throne, and the kitchen and nursery the outmost frontiers of the empire which she may seek to sway. We have been taught that it is unfeminine for her to prepare herself for any vocation by which she might amass wealth to be held in her own name. We have been taught that it is going out of her sphere for woman to share in the plans and difficulties of vast business enterprises; that if, for any cause, she fails of her natural protector and the provisions he is expected to make for her wants, and is compelled to care for her own support, the needle or the ferule is the natural resort for her to win her bread, or at the utmost a little top-shop or ribbon-store is at once the limit of propriety and the measure of her business capacity. We have been taught that a womanly delicacy must shrink from the studies which precede, and the designs that attend the practice of medicine, unless it be within a very narrow limit, which promises little pay and arouses no ambition. We have been taught that the woman who could consent to be a party to the collisions and wranglings of debate in the forum of law, or let her voice be heard in the rabble that gathers around the platform of party politics, must be set down as nothing better than a brazen virago. Suppose we feel our inmost soul revolting at this idea that the highest destiny of woman is to become a wife and please a man; suppose we cannot resist the conviction that the system which has grown up under this sentiment is holding dormant and smothering some of the noblest and most useful powers of woman; that it silently leaves the processes of her education with an element of weakness and lowers the tone of her self-respect; yea, that it vitiates true manliness in the man as much as it humiliates true womanliness in the woman. New opportunity is the great want of woman. Her avocations are good as far as they go, but there is not breadth enough of opportunity in them. Give an open field and what women find they cannot do with profit under the fair competitions of business they will let alone. Leave nature to regulate their choice. Balance the

magnetic needle in freedom and you need make a law that it shall point to the 1. Leave woman free to do what she can, never fear but she will find and follow her s

Mrs. C. F. WISGARE, who writes interesting letters to the Springfield Republican, says: Mary L. Booth, editor of *Harper's Bazar*, combines to an unusual degree the literary and editorial faculty. She is perhaps the only completely equipped woman editor in the country. Lady journalists of all kinds are common enough upon the American press, and (Greenwood, Mary Clemmer Ames, Jennie Shriver Dare, Miss Grundy. Mrs. Stanton Kate Field are only the most prominent among their number. These, however, are all writers and nothing more. The editorial faculty is in women as with men. It requires solid rather than brilliancy, judgment more fancy, and a balance of powers, instead of leaning any special one in excess. This fact Miss Booth possesses to a high degree, and has been highly developed by her long experience as a writer and translator. She has small business capacity, and, while capable of criticising the best literary productions, may be submitted to her for acceptance, in writing a leading article, she understands how to manage the affairs of a large journal, thoroughly, and with dispatch. Booth first began to write when Henry J. Raymond established the *New York Times*. She wrote for pleasure and not from necessity, and since then has devoted herself to literary life. She began with local sketches and general articles, and soon established her fame as a writer. About 1860 she wrote a history of the city of New York, which is still an authority on the subject. Since then she has translated less than thirty-two different works from French, including Martin's History of France, Count Gasparin's two well known books, *Laborer's Paris in America*, besides many other works. Her reputation as a translator is very high. She writes perspicuously and fluently, while her style is remarkably pure and unadorned. Miss Booth is a highly cultivated woman and has few equals for scholarship among her sex. She is master of several languages, well-read in history, metaphysics and general literature. She has always moved in the literary society in the metropolis, and has the advantage of knowing many of our eminent men and women of letters. She is the intimate friend of the Carys and a frequent visitor at their house, while she is often met at the receptions of Mrs. Prof. Botkin, Cleaveland, Mrs. Prof. Youmans, Mrs. Fields, and like social gatherings. Miss Booth is a hard worker, and the *Harpers* are thankful to have so conscientious and untiring an editor to manage the *Bazar*, which has a unique reputation among journals and is modeled in its way. It is not a mere family journal, but aims to be a superior family paper as well. It scrupulously ignores politics, everything likely to offend the good taste of readers. Our best essayists, led by the admirable Curtis, write for it, while among our contributors will be found Mrs. M. E. Do Gail Hamilton, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Gustav Larner, Caroline Cheesbro, and other writers of equal ability. Miss Booth writes little herself, except an occasional editorial, she is a most pains-taking editor, and the paper shows the mark of her broad and cultivated mind.

THE REVOLUTION.

W. T. CLARKE, Editor.

This Journal is devoted to the interests of Woman and Home Culture. Items of intelligence, articles and communications are solicited. Contributions must be short, pointed and important, and invariably addressed to the Editor. Articles will be returned when requested, the postage is inclosed. Terms: **THREE DOLLARS** per year, payable in advance. Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Orders, Bank Checks or drafts, or Registered Letters. Papers are forwarded until ordered discontinued, and all arrears paid, as required by law. In writing on business, always give name of post-office and State. Address,

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Why Not Serve?

EVERY day or two some of the wise scribes tell us that there is no need of women suffering either for work or for wages. Their services as domestics are always in demand. Let them lay off their superfluous and foolish pride and go into the kitchen, and they will receive good wages, and have good board and all the comforts of a home thrown in.

Housework is healthy, useful, and honorable; and instead of starving on the unpaid for shop work, and shivering in attics, and moping, and moaning, and contending against the injustice of the world, the true thing for women who want money is to do that work for which there is great demand, and which is always paid for well.

This is very plausible. All that the scribes write reads like a book. But, unfortunately, it is easier to read what the scribes write than to do what the scribes say. And, moreover, we have always found that these wise scribes, when fortunate enough to have a house, employ foreign servants. They find, by actual experiment, that servants of color or of foreign birth are stronger and better able to do the work required of them than American women. They know their places better. They are more docile. They ask fewer questions. They do not hear so much as American help, and they are not so easily offended.

It is very easy to advise American girls and women to do housework. But the truth is, there are very few mistresses who want or would have American domestics. The American girl is not trained for service, but for independence. She is not used to hard work and drudgery of all kinds, and cannot endure the strain put upon domestics in many families. She has not the requisite training for that sort of work. She has education, tastes, ambitions and aspirations of her own, and mistresses are afraid of her. They know she will detect their dishonesty and rebel against their exactions. They cannot scold her when in ill humor, and the thin varnish of proprieties they put for company and the street will not hide her real character from her eyes. Her presence puts them under perpetual re-

straint, and she may report their follies where the knowledge will cause unspeakable chagrin. She may be too neat and pretty and accomplished to have about the establishment. They do not want a rival in a domestic, and cannot consent to be kept upon their good behavior all the time. More than one good American girl has told us that she had tried to get a place as a domestic, but has been passed by for an Irish girl conspicuous only for defects, a diamond in the rough undoubtedly, but rough at any rate.

American girls are not wanted in the kitchen. There is a sort of undefined suspicion that the American girl who is willing to serve as domestic is no better than she ought to be; and when one of them applies at an intelligence office for a situation she receives little encouragement. And yet almost every paper we take repeats the well-worn platitudes about domestic service, and wonders that our young women do not make an instant raid upon the kitchens of the city.

Domestic service may be made attractive and should be made honorable; but it is neither attractive nor honorable for American girls to-day. Nor is it the fault of our girls. You veteran Scribes, who have written the kitchen prescriptions a thousand times, will you take the medicine you offer so freely to others? Will you put your daughters out to service? Will you see them run the gauntlet of the intelligence offices? Will you place their character at the mercy of a mistress' whims? By no means. American human nature is not quite equal to that strain.

The difficulty is not with housekeeping. That is an honest and useful occupation. But our domestic service has been degraded by dropping it into the hands of coarse, ignorant Irish women until they have stamped it with their character, and whoever engages in it descends to their social level. Moreover, the modern mistress has ceased to be a housekeeper. She has retired from the kitchen. She abandons the whole care and work of the household to domestics, and merely gives order and administers reproof. This alone degrades the service and puts an impassable barrier between mistress and maid. Then, in very many instances, the mistress knows next to nothing of practical housekeeping, and degrades the service by her ignorance. The haughty and contemptuous ways in which many mistresses treat their servants, degrades domestic service still more, until no American girl of spirit and mind will consent to enter it.

Our domestic service needs reconstruction. Housekeeping is one of the fine arts, and a truly educated wife will want competent and cultured assistants to make her home beautiful. The mistress who understands her place will call about her the sweet and fine as well as the strong of her sex, and forget the drudge in the assistant and the servant in the artist. And then it shall be as honorable to keep house as to paint pictures or make music.

A Long Pull.

EVERY present indication shows that, however certain the success of our cause, the success will not be immediate. We are not to get the ballot by any hounobbing with senators, or wire-pulling with politicians, nor pipe-laying with lobbyists.

It is not to be compassed by any cunning *coup d'état*. No trap we can set, however adroitly baited, will catch a legislature. We are at the beginning, not of a battle, but of a war.

The sooner we realize this fact and adjust our expectations and operations to the circumstances in which we are placed, the better for us and the sooner victory will be won. Perhaps the very slowness by which the work goes on is one of the essential conditions of its ultimate success. This woman suffrage movement is a much larger thing than many people seem to imagine. It is vastly more than putting the ballot into the hands of the five thousand women who want to vote. It means a complete reconstruction of society, an entire change of the whole social order, a re-birth of humanity, and a re-making of the world. The men and women who stand at a distance, and shrink from enlisting in this greatest reform of the modern ages because of the momentous issues it involves, see what it means vastly better than scores of its advocates who fill our ears with their metallic platitudes and superficial paintings. It has its fingers in the very roots of things. It touches the topmost heaven of democratic aspirations and socialistic dreams.

A movement so vast and comprehensive as this is, with such far-reaching issues, must require time for its consummation. To precipitate a crisis by artificial means would produce abortion. The ballot in the hands of the women of this country to-day might prove an unutterable curse to both the women and the country. Not because the women are unprepared for the franchise. The men are not prepared for a measure so radical, a stride so far in advance of their present position, an act involving so much justice, gentleness, humanity, refinement. It will require ten years of the ablest advocacy and most powerful agitation to educate the manhood of America to the level of our idea. Look into any of the lower streets of this city, look into Broadway, look into the morning papers, and it is evident enough that there is a barbarous element in our American society which it will take years to wash and whiten into decency, and clothe with even a semblance of that civilization required for the successful inauguration of our reform.

The glory of this movement consists in its magnitude and the vast ameliorations its success involves. The mere addition of a few thousand or million votes to the whole number cast in the ballot-boxes of the nation is nothing. The giving of the ballot to women, in and of itself, is a very small thing, and not worth talking about. It is the fact

that the ballot means a new political force, a new social order, a new civilization, that makes it worth contending for, and inspires those who comprehend its vast and beneficent meanings with an enthusiasm that nothing can chill, and a faith that nothing can disturb. And we argue and agitate, plead and persuade, knowing that success will come the moment we meet its conditions, and that whatever we do to educate the American people up to our idea will hasten its consummation.

Both Sides.

THE *Tribune* is properly concerned for a small army of concert-saloon girls recently turned adrift in this city by Superintendent Kelso's raid. "Concert-saloons are a stench in the public nostrils," reasons the *Tribune*. "Decency demands that they be abolished." But what sort of decency is that which is satisfied when the poor wretches themselves be kept out of sight?

Parblind as the *Tribune* is on many social questions, it does dimly recognize the miserable farce of justice that punishes the lamb the wolf has torn with his claws, and leaves his wolfship free to prowl and capture new victims. A faint gleam of pity for this nameless sisterhood of vice, so summarily dealt with, plays over its paragraphs. It asks where go these girls when thrust out of the saloon into the street? They cannot starve, and what way is open for them to live? The curiosity which would track these miserable beings to new haunts, and save them if possible from still lower depths of degradation is certainly humane. We are told that "a worse hell than ever Dante drew has left its inexorable mark upon their faces; ages ago, as now, their house inclined to death, and their paths took hold on the grave."

All this is terribly true. The social evil problem is one which centuries have made no progress in solving. Our *Tribune* moralist has a clear perception of the evil, but has no remedy to propose. He preaches to women, and tells them how unqualifiedly bad they are, and how their evil propensities run riot and revel in wickedness. He rejects the commonly-received opinion that girls sin from excess of love, and are abandoned by their destroyers, or else have been driven to choice of ruin or starvation. The number of either class, we are told, "is infinitesimally small. Very few American girls are credulous or trusting enough to be led blindfold to their own undoing, and no American girl in this city or elsewhere need want a meal if she chooses to work for it."

It is easy for the *Tribune* to make assertions entirely unsupported by facts. The statistics of Massachusetts, last year, prepared with greater care than those of any other State, prove that the majority of the fallen women of that commonwealth were led to a life of shame by the difficulties of obtaining employment, and insufficient

pay. And all the facts point to the same conclusion respecting this city.

What the *Tribune* says of a certain class of girls brought up in tenement houses—the daughters of mechanics and laborers—bold, brazen creatures, tricked out in a dirty dress and cheap jewelry, girls who have had their eyes opened and wits sharpened by a year or two at the public schools, is doubtless true enough. The desire to live without work and to dress gaudily are powerful incentives to a life of vice. But no mention is made of the diabolical trade in children, who recruit the vicious women of cities by thousands, and have not even the memory of a pure and innocent childhood. If not lured to a moral death by their own wretched parents, they fall into the clutches of a class of men and women who, if their nefarious trade is discovered, and broken up by the police, only shift their quarters and begin anew. The ribald, foul-mouthed creatures who throng Water street and other low quarters were formed in such schools.

We object to the lecture which the *Tribune* takes occasion to administer to women suffragists in this connection. It says: "Those decent, well-meaning women who want political rights because domestic life is too narrow for their energies, will find in these women a subject upon which they can legislate;" and in the next paragraph it dashes cold water upon all efforts at reform in this wise:

"We hear continual complaints of the want of success of Rosine or Magdalene Associations and Houses of the Good Shepherd. Good women, who have striven long to help this class, declare that the stain is ineradicable; that the taint lies in the blood. In nine cases out of ten, they assert, the confirmed prostitute cannot be reclaimed; she will not submit to the routine of an asylum; she wearies of the monotony of sewing, of confinement, of religion, after the first spasmodic fervor of conversion is over. Mistresses of well-ordered households object, not unnaturally, to admit her into contact with their children. Her life has been one, in short, of a feverish thirst for false excitement, precisely on a parallel with that of the drunkard. And the quiet and decency of a reformed life do not gratify this thirst. What is to be done with her?"

We deny that women are under any more obligation to find a cure for the social evil than men are, nor can they do it alone. No good woman will refuse aid to the fallen where a hope of reformation can be cherished. A few may be reclaimed in this way. But there are not many people endowed with the divine tenderness and sympathy which alone can help to set the erring upon their feet. We have the smallest faith in any of the schemes yet devised to redeem the fallen.

It does no good whatever to expose one side of the subject and leave the other untouched. The *Tribune* will throw its mists in vain, by depicting the features of the

degraded female debauchee, while it sketches no companion portrait of the equally vile male debauchee, whom it handles with velvet gloves or not at all, and continually represents the evil in question as one of woman's making which she alone is responsible for and must cure. During the last two or three years it has had much to say about fallen women, as though every one did not know that those who fall are down. Let it now begin to do its duty to fallen men—the gay deceivers, the wicked destroyers of the women who have trusted to their honor and found it a pretence and a pitfall when too late. Behind every fallen woman there stands a man who has compassed her ruin. Every degraded woman owes her wretchedness and wantonness to some devil in the semblance of a man, and that corrupt state of society which fawns upon her destroyer, while it dooms her to outlawry and death. We have heard quite enough of the sheep side of this question, and if there is to be anything more said about it let the wolf side be ventilated. What does the *Tribune* propose to do with the wolves? We all know the fate of the victims. What shall be done with the deceivers and destroyers? Let our censors turn their attention to their own side of this question, and tell us what they will do to make the social evil impossible by blasting the reputation and consigning to infamy every man who violates his honor.

DR. THOMAS MEZHAN has a striking article in *Old and New* on "Sexual Science," in which he maintains that man is the great acting, working force; all that appertains to providing or protecting is his place in nature. The gun, the plough, the ship, the sword—the elements of force whatever they be, and the ballot which is to direct and control that force—all these are the essential prerogatives of man. At the same time these laws and forces should be used for the interests of woman; and where they are not, man is not fulfilling the purposes for which he was created. But science does not solve all social problems. It merely indicates the general law that man has his special functions while woman has hers; and though there be hens which crow and birds of the male persuasion that sit on eggs, as a general thing the male bird does the singing and the female the hatching. Which we can believe on the evidence of our senses without the aid of science or its professors. It is no part of the creed or of the purpose of the advocates of woman's emancipation to deny or to abolish these great natural distinctions. All that we ask is justice. Women do not want either the places or the prerogatives which nature has given to man. They merely ask to be allowed those places and prerogatives which belong of right to woman; and to have an equal share in that great undivided neutral territory which nature intended should be the common property of both sexes alike.

It was certainly unkind in the Hindoo astronomer to tell us that during the present year a blazing meteor will pass by the earth, and in the short space of twenty-four minutes destroy all vegetation and kill millions of people. It makes us feel badly.

Miscellaneous.

House Furnishing.

Blackwood for January contains a very interesting article on French furniture, and house-furnishing generally. The writer thinks the French have carried the art of furniture-making and home decorations to the highest point of perfection yet attained, and has wise and suggestive comments on the relation of these things to culture and morals. He contends that French furnishing is too shiny and showy, too full of gilt and glitter; the display dazzles with its glare instead of delighting with its softened hues and perfect proportions and blending of lines and hues. There is something worth considering in the following:—

Though in the name of art and elevated feeling and national improvement, we condemn the furnishing of our Second Empire, the feebler elements of our nature do find pleasant features in it. As moralists, as artists, as philosophers, as political economists, we are bound to say it is too full of gaud and glitter; but as men and women with human weaknesses, we cannot help acknowledging that it does make life more cheery than it used to be when we were young. After all, brightness and warmth and softness do help to unsadden weary hearts, do aid to make manners gentle, do stimulate gaiety in young children, do frame in love. There is many a house in France where the whole aspect of indoor life is lighted up by the fitting of the rooms, where the home-tie grows stronger under the influence of satisfied and contented taste, where the husband comes in gaily from his work, eager to look once more at the charming picture in which his wife is the central object.

Honestly let us own that, when a man feels of his own home that it offers him more attraction than any other place on earth, it is a sign that good causes are at work; and let us hesitate before we apply a sweeping condemnation to a system which, whatever be its faults, has merits too. What we may wisely hope for is, that present practices may cease with the cessation of the circumstances which produced them; that grave events may make taste graver though not less winning to ordinary natures; that art may drive out gewgaws; that the more delicate forms of furniture may gradually descend into common use, and carry their civilizing influence everywhere.

Thus far that influence applies to the upper classes only: increasing cheapness of production, coupled with increasing needs in the lower strata of society, may propagate it widely; and some day future students of the history of civilization may recognize the real importance of the part which furniture has played in the moral progress of the nineteenth century.

Bridal Tours.

CARL BENSON is decidedly opposed to the prevailing American fashion of following marriage with a journey. He says an American marriage is, in theory, a love match; and it is generally so in practice. Now two persons in love want to see as much as possible of each other, and as little as possible of other people. It is that we find exceptions; there are individuals whose diseased vanity desires to give publicity to every act of their life. But these vulgarities are, happily, rare in any class. An in-

stinct of seclusion and modesty is the general rule. Yet this absurd custom forces a new married couple either to put an unnatural restraint on their legitimate affection, or to make themselves ridiculous before the public.

Now, in the common sense, practical, man-of-the-world point of view, the fashion is equally objectionable. It is notorious that nothing except marriage itself tries the temper more than joint travel. At the very outset of their life partnership, the quality on which the happiness of that union principally depends, is put to the rudest strain. The happy couple expose themselves to the insolence of hackmen and clerks, the discomforts of rail and hotel, irregular hours and uncertain meals. The Irishman in the song married a wife to make him "uneasy." A wedding tour on one of our great thoroughfares of travel is admirably contrived to accomplish this result for both parties.

The consummation of marriage is, with one exception, the most critical period, physically, of the woman's life. After the moral and physical excitement which attends it, her system demands absolute rest, repose, quiet, regular and good living, a supporting and restorative way of life. If these can be secured for some weeks, so much the better, but at any rate they are necessary for some days. Not only her health for the rest of her mortal existence, but the health and strength of her offspring may be, and often are, materially affected by the want of proper care at this time. Instead of which the bridal tour piles on additional excitement and fatigue, makes regularity of life impossible—in short, involves the exact reverse of all that the rules of health and physiology require.

The present fashion of bridal tours is an unmeaning and unreasonable imitation of the European, especially the English practice. The original English theory of a wedding trip is driving in a comfortable carriage at a rate of speed just sufficient to exhilarate without fatiguing, over good roads, in weather which may be pleasant or unpleasant, but is never dangerously cold or dangerously hot, to some secluded country place or sea-side village, and resting there a month. The new mode of continental tours is in some respects as absurd as ours (the happy pair usually begin by being very seasick on that sea-sickest of waters, the British Channel); but on the whole there is less fatigue and physical risk. The notorious mutability of our climate is in itself reason enough why a bride should not be exposed to the accidents of travel.

Mrs. SWISSELM says the attempt to organize and legalize "Free Love" in this country grew not out of the woman's rights agitation, but out of the great religious revival in 1831; and it is pitiable to read the downward course of Noyes and his early associates from their ethereal views of spiritual marriage away to the abyss of Onecida. Is evangelical religion responsible for the free love which sprang up in the hot-bed of religious enthusiasm, and grew and flourished until its noxious seeds have been sown broadcast by the wind in every city, town and village of the land? If not, why is female suffrage responsible for the plants of this sowing, which have taken root in its soil, and which its labors have thus far been unable to extirpate? The first important triumph of the woman's rights discussion was won in the Winter of 1847-8, when Pennsylvania passed a law allowing married women to own property. Among the advocates

of that measure there was no Free Lover; and among the arguments used no attack on marriage. This grand step had been taken, Judge Harbat's unequalled and unanswerable argument published and extensively circulated, the American and Foreign Anti-slavery Society fully committed to the equality of the sexes, Abby Kelly and the Misses Grimké fairly recognized as political lecturers, Harriet Martineau and Mrs. Mowatt as political writers, Mrs. Nichols and myself as political editors, and thousands of good and true Christian men and women enlisted as the friends of woman's enfranchisement, before free-lovers discovered the fancied opportunity of aiding their cause by attaching it to ours. Our wheat was in the blade before these tares appeared; our crop promising a bountiful harvest before the thorns and thistles which follow all cultivation of the ground, physical or mental, sprang up in our field.

E. P. WHURPLE, in a fine article on Emerson, says:—Channing devoted his whole secluded life to setting forth "the dignity of human nature," but there is a suggestion of rhetorical effort in his noblest periods. He never attained the easy elevation of lyric ecstasy of Emerson's treatment of the same inexhaustible theme. What can be more ethically and imaginatively efficient than the use of the word "perdition" in this quotation?

"Though love repine, and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply:
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die.'"

All the pith of Unitarian sermons, preached since the denomination had an existence, is implied in this noble verse:

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can."

ACCORDING to Thomas Meelan, in the very first struggle with life the males get the worst of it. The vast majority of all the children who die under five years of age are males. As the sexes approach maturity, the terrible strain on the female system begins, and the numbers of males and females again nearly equalize. The amount of nutrition over and above that required to sustain life passes in the male to brain and muscle, to mere physical strength and intellectual capacity; but in the female, to immense nutritive power for the support of another human being. Man is physically stronger than woman; that is, in cases requiring an immediate concentration of power, he is her superior. But in vitality, if by that we may understand the ability to endure circumstances tending to destroy life, he is below her. Not only can he not endure as much during the first five years of his life, but as an adult he sinks under pain that a woman would hardly faint with. Any of us can look around and see women with perhaps half a dozen young children which she must look after, a continual series of routine, monotonous house-work which she must attend to, now roasting at the oven, steaming over the wash-tub, or freezing at the clothes-line, and continually with the worry of crying children ringing in her ears; and all this for years and years, with ailing infants and sick older children, and perhaps even a male specimen of an older cast to whom she is expected to be a "help-mate" besides all this; altogether for months and months giving her but three or four

hours of sound sleep per night. Where is the man that could endure it? A year of such a life would kill the strongest of us.

"BELIEVE in your own day," writes Mary Clommer Ames to a young girl. "You need not go back to Sir Philip Sydney to find a perfect gentleman; nor to David and Jonathan to find faith and love between man and man passing the love of woman; nor to the days of chivalry to find true knights who would die for you. Here are men bearing, under all this glitter of gold lace, bodies battered and maimed in their country's cause. There is a man pouring foolish nothings into the ear of a foolish girl, who would die for the truth. We are far from being a thoroughbred people. The census of spittoons is a horror in our land. We talk too loud and too long; we gesticulate too much; we cannot keep quiet. We need, at least, more capacity for repose, more unselfish consideration for the sensibilities of others, more of the golden rule, before we can flower into the perfection of fine breeding. Yet no less here are men at once strong and gentle, brave and tender, gallant and yet true. Here are all and more than Shakspeare's women: Juliet searching for her Romeo; Miranda looking through her starry eyes for a 'thing divine,' even in the Red Room; tender Ino; fairy Titania; Portia, with hair of golden brown; and Desdemona, imprudent, fond, yet truth itself. Here is not only the beauty and the belle, but the sibyl whose divining eyes beyond volition strike below every sham and every falsehood."

The *Eclectic Magazine* has an article on Joaquin Miller, whose real name is C. Hiner Miller, which says:—"It is reported that he became acquainted with Miss Myrtle by seeing her verses in print, and corresponding with her before they had seen each other. Then he called at her house on Coos Bay. The first time, another gentleman, who was paying his addresses to Miss M., happened to be in the house; whereupon Miller introduced himself by drawing a revolver and driving his rival from the room. They were then married, and went to Eugene City. Perhaps there is some truth in this, because, in her reply, [to a poem addressed to her when he abandoned her] "Mrs. M. reproaches him with coldness and neglect, after having driven her lover from her presence and separated the n forever." But according to the writer, whose moral ideas are of the eclectic or muddled sort, "He is as impulsive and reckless as Byron, but a true and noble friend." The man who drives away a young woman's lover and compels her to marry him by the fear of a revolver, and then to support him and their two children while he muses and mopes and makes verses, and then fancying that he can find finer quarters and greater fame elsewhere, leaves her and her children to shirk for themselves, may be "as impulsive and reckless as Byron," but is more of a border ruffian than a gentleman, and lacks the first elements out of which a true friendship can be made.

One reason why the world improves no faster is that so little attention is given to the making of people, and so much to the people already made. Most men cannot easily be amended, and, like altered clothes, are not worth much when they are made over. We must begin at the manufactory instead of the repair-shop if we would have a noble man.

One of the first uses that woman should make of equal privilege with man, if I mistake not, should be to educate the body. She cannot be a strong, free soul under this chronic physical debility which has become almost a fashion. She needs a firmer nerve, a stouter muscle. She will never be so well loved as she ought to be till she compels man to become the respecter of her strength, instead of the protector of her weakness. This life-long devotion of the good husband to the invalid wife is very touching, no doubt, very inspiring, even heroic; but I doubt the policy of giving too much occasion for it. The devotion might be quite as touching and romantic if tested by a little living rivalry of health and strength. Sound muscle must aid her in throwing off the reproach of inferiority. She is able to become nearly as strong and quite as effective in physical force as man. Witness the feats of the French danseuses, and doubt it who can. They put to shame even the wonders of the Rivel gymnastics. If woman has less endurance she has greater quickness—more spring and velocity of power. And while I shall not advise the ambition, I am not sure but that if she did enter the list of the ring for it, the tightening of her muscle would soon gird her with the champion belt of the world. Let her ambition rather be to train the body for the sake of the soul. If her work is not sufficient let the girls build their olympic club-house, and make their calisthenics as famous as the boys' gymnastics. And then we might hope for a generation of mothers ere long, who could manage an old-fashioned family of a baker's dozen or so, and still find strength to occupy some of the room for new enterprise opened to them.

LUCRETIA MOTT, that lovely woman who has "ruled through love, not fear" is 79 years old. Olive Logan, now Mrs. Sykes, is 45. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the best woman lawyer of them all, is 52, and Susan B. Anthony, her colleague, is 54. Anna Dickinson is 36. Gail Hamilton 40, and Grace Greenwood 52. Genial Fanny Fern is a grandmother now, and will not celebrate her half-century birthday again. Laura Holloway, the earnest, graceful writer and gifted woman, is 27. Charlotte Cushman, that Queen of tragedy, is 60. Celia Burleigh the minister, is 45, and Jennie June the fashion writer, is 48.

According to Hawthorne, the room which contains the statue of the Venus de Medici, in Florence, is the best of the series, octagonal in shape, and hung with red damask, and the light comes down from a row of windows, passing quite round beneath an octagonal dome. The Venus stands a little aside from the centre of the room, and is surrounded by an iron railing, a pace or two from her pedestal in front and less behind. I think she might safely be left to the reverence her womanhood would win, without any other protection. She is very beautiful, very satisfactory, and has a fresh and new charm about her unreached by any cast or copy. The hue of the marble is just so much mellowed by time as to do for her all that Gibson tries, or ought to try, to do for his statues by color, softening her, warming her almost perceptibly, making her an inmate of the heart, as well as a spiritual existence. I felt a kind of tenderness for her; an affection, not as if she were one woman, but all womanhood in one. Her modest attitude, which before I saw I had not liked, deeming that it might be artificial shame,

is partly what unmakes her as the heathen goddess, and softens her into woman. There is slight degree of alarm, too, in her face, not that she really thinks anybody is looking at her, y the idea has flitted through her mind and startled her a little. Her face is so beautiful and intellectual that it is not dazzled out of sight by its form. Methinks this was a triumph for a sculptor to achieve. I may as well stop here. It is of no use to throw heaps of words upon her, for they all fall away and leave her standing in chaste and naked grace, as untouched when I began.

COLONEL HIGGINSON does not agree with Hedge that the course of civilization hitherto has tended to develop and confirm sexual difference of employment, and that the more civilized the country, the more the vocations men and women divide; the more savage the nation, the more they blend and coincide. Savages have few occupations, but the more monopolize war and the chase, and women the other work; and, as Mrs. Jameson points out, much that is selfish and crude in savage life grows out of this sharp division. But the more civilized a people is the more the occupations of the sexes blend. Women share many of the same pursuits with men. In some pursuits as in education, the women have come to outnumber the men enormously, at least in America; in others, as telegraphy, they seem likely to do the same. We constantly hear of new channels opening. A gentleman, the other day just before addressing an audience on woman's suffrage, stepped into a barber's shop, and his great amazement was shaven by a woman. On inquiry he learned for the first time the good many of that sex, mostly Germans, pursued this occupation in New York and elsewhere. On the other hand, the leading drainer of the world is a man; our boudoirs are largely conducted by men; the emu hotel cooks, whose salaries exceed any paid at Harvard University, are men; and the lady who goes to rest in a sleeping-car on our railroads has her pillow smoothed and her curtains drawn, not by a chambermaid, but by a chamberman. Thus do the vocations of men and women now blend and coincide.

JOHN RUSKIN is a queer compound of common-sense and craft; but of his kindness there is no question. He has recently declined to contribute to the restoration of Warwick Castle until he has relieved two married couples: woman and her daughter, and a young man his sister, who all sleep and live in one London room sixteen feet square—eight persons in it. It is only a little less than wicked to talk of storing castles while eight persons have to live in one small room. Certainly such an argument is not the room for improvement.

"THOMAS," said a father to his son, "Do let that girl make a fool of you. Look sharp. Remember the adage, that 'Love is blind.' 'Ob, that adage won't wash," said Tom. "Talk about love's being blind! Why, I ten times as much in that girl as you do."

I am fully convinced that the soul is intractable, and that its activity will continue through eternity. It is like the sun, which our eyes, seems to set in night; but it has really only gone to diffuse its light elsewhere.—Goethe.

It is really encouraging to come across, once in a while, a merchant who promises much and lives square up to his word of honor. We have every reason to believe that Baldwin the Clothier, of Canal street and Broadway, New York, may be placed in the front rank of reliable, trustworthy business men. His sales at retail, C. O. D., are simply immense, over twelve hundred thousand dollars annually, and increasing steadily. The readers of this paper, when they visit the metropolis, should see the best of everything, and everything worth seeing, and if they do, Baldwin's famous corner will not be left out. We copy the following from *Baldwin's Monthly*, February number, just published:

WE PAY NO COMMISSION TO ANY ONE.

We sell at one price.

Show unwearied attention to customers.

Exchange garments not satisfactory, if they are promptly returned.

Offer the latest styles in men's, youth's and boys' clothing at low prices.

Permit no misrepresentations, under any circumstances.

Purchase larger quantities of fabrics than any other retail clothing house in the United States, and sell more annually, C. O. D.

Exhibit a greater variety of stylish business suits than any other house ever make up for retail trade.

Never have less than two hundred thousand dollars' worth of garments on the counters at one time from which to select a single one.

Keep an attractive supply of full-dress suits for weddings, balls and parties.

Have the pleasantest sales rooms in the city.

Boys' department distinct from the Men's, where parents may be seated while selecting outfits for their sons.

Prices always popular, and business done in the interest of our patrons.

GUARDIAN MUTUAL LIFE.—The friends of this company have good reason to congratulate its management on the powerful accession it has received in Everett Clapp, Esq., who has been elected its vice-president. This gentleman has made his mark in the insurance world by the energy and enterprise he has displayed in the general management of the agencies of the Empire Mutual Life of this city. His experience, industry and uprightness, embellished by his gentlemanly and ingratiating manner, enable him to direct the destinies of a popular life institution. Men of his stamp who identify their interests with a corporation ensure its success, growth and increasing usefulness. The Guardian Mutual Life has always been a favorite company, and we confidently predict that it will continue to rise in public estimation under the masterly control of so finished an underwriter as Mr. Clapp.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.—The hair is the crowning glory of woman. There are few moderate defects which cannot be remedied by the proper disposition of the tresses. But when the hair begins to fall out, or turn gray, in young people, or with those in the prime of life, there is cause for real regret. When this is the case, the Vegetabile Siccian Hair Renewer will be found to be a first-class remedy, far superior, as sound medical medium, to anything else before the public. It actually restores gray hair its original color, and in the great majority of cases, causes it to grow again when it is beginning thin. It is not like many popular preparations, a mere wash, but a scientific discovery, endorsed and used by physicians of character. Address R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H. *Forney's Weekly Press*, Feb. 1868.

EXAMPLES FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. J. VAN BANGEN, of Rochester, N. Y., purchased her Wheeler & Wilson Machine in 1853. In the first 14 months she made 1305 vests and pairs of pantaloons, from the coarsest to the finest material, besides doing her family sewing. She has not broken a needle for the last seven years.

No FILL IN THE WORLD ever had anything like the circulation of AYER'S PILLS. Throughout these States, Mexico, and the Central American republics, down the slopes of the Andes, and across the pampas of South America, in negro villages amid the fervid wilds of Africa, throughout the jungles of India, and steppes of interior Asia, over the Continent of Australia, and the Islands of the Pacific, these PILLS are known, and everywhere used as family remedies for diseases. With distant nations, their wonderful cures attract more attention than they do at home; for the sentiment of wonder takes a far deeper hold on their minds than the results of a high scientific skill with us. The amount consumed requires seventy-five thousand doses a day to supply it. An inspection of the manufacture showed us how this enormous demand is made and sustained. Aided to the consummate skill of their composition, is an extreme care in their manufacture, which at once secures the most perfect material and their most accurate combination. The consequence is a power and certainty in controlling disease which other remedies never attained.—*Bald. Courier*.

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SOOTHING SYRUP,

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,

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SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and

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We have put up and sold this article for years, and CAN SAY IN CONFIDENCE AND TRUTH of it what we have never been able to say of any other medicine—NEVER HAS IT FAILED IN A SINGLE INSTANCE TO EFFECT A CURE when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it; on the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "WHAT WE DO KNOW," after years of experience, and pledge our reputation for the fulfillment of what we here declare. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

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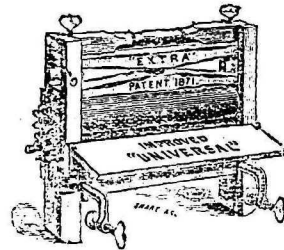
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We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world in all cases of DYSENTERY AND DIARRHOEA IN CHILDREN, whether it arises from teething or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the foregoing complaints—Do not let your prejudices nor the prejudices of others stand between you suffering child and the relief that will be SURE—yes, ABSOLUTELY SURE—to follow the use of this medicine if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

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For the relief and cure of all derangements of stomach, liver and bowels. They are a mild and an excellent purgative. Being purely vegetable they contain no mercury or mineral whatever. In serious sickness and suffering is prevented by timely use; and every family should have them on hand for their protection and relief, when required. Experience has proved them to be the safest, surest, best of all the Pills with which the market abounds. By their occasional use, the blood is purified, the obstructions of the system expelled, obstructions removed, and the whole machinery of life restored to its healthy activity. Internal organs which become clogged, sluggish are cleansed by Ayer's Pills, and stimulated into action. Thus, incipient disease is changed into health, the value of which change, when reckoned, vast multitudes who enjoy it, can hardly be computed. Their sugar coating makes them pleasant to take, preserves their virtues unimpaired for any length of time, so that they are ever fresh, and perfectly reliable. Although searching, they are mild, and operate without disturbance to the constitution, or diet, or occupation.

Full directions are given on the wrapper to each how to use them as a Family Physic, and for the following complaints, which these Pills rapidly cure:—
1. OF DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, LISTLESSNESS, LOSS OF APPETITE, they should be taken to stimulate the stomach, and restore its healthy action.

FOR LIVER COMPLAINT and its various symptoms: BRUISES, HEADACHE, SICK HEADACHE, JAUNDICE, GREEN SICKNESS, BRUISES, COLIC and BILIOUS FEVER, they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions causing it.

FOR DYSENTERY or DIARRHEA, but one mild dose is generally required.

FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, GRAVEL, PALPITATION OF HEART, PAIN IN THE SIDE, BACK AND LOINS, they should be continuously taken, as required to change the diseased action of the system. With such change these complaints disappear.

FOR DROPSY and DROPSICAL SWELLINGS, they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

FOR CONSTIPATION, a large dose should be taken to produce the desired effect by sympathy.

As a *Dinner Pill*, take one or two Pills to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well finds that a dose of these Pills makes him feel better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

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They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also, the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver, and all the Visceral Organs.

FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS, whether in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or at the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters have no equal.

For Indigestion and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms are the off-springs of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the Stomach and stimulate the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render them of unequalled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

FOR SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurf, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the System in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

Fits, Typhs, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. Says a distinguished physiologist, there is scarcely an individual upon the face of the earth whose body is exempt from the presence of worms. It is not upon the healthy elements of the body that worms exist, but upon the diseased humors and slimy deposits that breed these living monsters of disease. No system of Medicine, or Vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

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Children having worms require immediate attention, as neglect of the trouble often causes prolonged sickness.

Symptoms of worms in children are often overlooked. Worms in the stomach and bowels cause irritation, which can be removed only by the use of a sure remedy. The combination of ingredients used in making Brown's "Vermifuge Comfits" is such as to give the best possible effect with safety.

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Take each time—

One Lozenge for children from 1 to 2 years.

Two " " " 2 to 4 "

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Six Lozenges for adults.

To be taken in the morning before breakfast, and at night (bed time) for four or five days.

Commence again in a week, and give as before, if symptoms of worms are again observed.

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In all cases of Pain in the Side, Stomach, Back or Bowels, Dysentery and Summer Complaints, it should be taken internally, as follows:

To a tumbler half full of water put a table-spoonful or more of sugar; add to it a tea-spoonful of the HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT; mix them well together, and drink it.

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For Rheumatic Affections in the Limbs, Stomach or Back, Spinal Diseases, Stitches in the Back or Side, make a thorough external application with the HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT, in its full strength, rubbing it in well.

For Tooth Ache, wet a piece of cotton and put it to the tooth.

For a Cough and Pain in the Side, bathe the side and stomach well, and lay on a piece of dry cotton wadding or batting to the parts affected, which will produce a little irritation, and remove the difficulty to the skin and carry it off.

For Ague, make a like application to the face. It is best at all times, when making an external application, to take some of the above mixture internally; it quickens the blood and invigorates the system.

For Burns or Scalds, put it on in its full strength immediately after the accident.

For Cuts, wrap up the wound in the blood, and wet the bandage thoroughly with the HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT.

For Chills and Fever it is a certain and sure cure. Should be used freely externally about the chest, and taken internally at the same time. It quickens the blood and invigorates the whole system. No mistake out it.

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Price, 6 oz., 50 cents; Pints, \$1.50; Quarts, \$1.75.

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DEAR SIR: I have been a sufferer for upward of twenty years with gravel, bladder and kidney affection, during which time I have used various medical preparations, and been under the treatment of the most eminent physicians, experiencing but little relief.

Having seen your preparation extensively advertised, I consulted my family physician in regard to using your Extract Buchu.

I did this because I had used all kinds of advertised remedies, and had found them worthless, and some quite injurious; in fact, I despaired of ever getting well, and determined to use no remedies hereafter unless I knew of the ingredients. It was this that prompted me to use your remedy. As you advertised that it was composed of buchu, cubeba and juniperberries, it occurred to me and my physician as an excellent combination; and with his advice, after an examination of the matter, and consulting again with the druggist, I concluded to try it. I commenced to use it about eight months ago, at which time I was confined to my room.

From the first bottle I was astonished and gratified at the beneficial effect, and after using it three weeks was able to walk out. I felt much like writing to you a full statement of my case at the time, but thought my improvement might be only temporary, and therefore concluded to defer, and see if it would effect a perfect cure, knowing that it would be of greater value to you and more satisfactory to me.

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